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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Palace

When I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven and skilled—
I cleared me ground for a Palace such as a King should build.
I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently, under the silt,
I came on the wreck of a Palace such as a King had built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no wit in the plan—
Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings ran—
Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on every stone:
"After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known."

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-planned groundworks grew,
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlars, and out and reset them anew,
Lime I milled of his marbles; burned it, slacked it, and spread;
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried; yet, as we wrenched them apart,
I read in the razed foundation the heart of the builder's heart.
As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand
The form of the dream he had followed in the face of the thing he had planned.

* * * *

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open noon of my pride,
They sent me a Word from the Darkness—They whispered and called me aside.
They said—"The end is forbidden." They said—"Thy use is fulfilled.

"Thy Palace shall stand as that other's—the spoil of a King who shall build."
After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known!
All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the faithless years.
I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my wharves, and my sheers.
All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the faithless years.

—Rudyard Kipling.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909. NUMBER 12...

DAY UNTO DAY

Half the worth of man's existence
Is in life's unlooked-for gain;
Stirs the blood the most in steering
For the open unknown main.
Not to solve too soon all knowledge
Is the child's protective art;
To expect new vision daily
Is eternal youth of heart.
Oh the beauty of the sunset!
All my being, in its glow,
Rises, dances, wonders, worships;
Yet to-morrow's sunshine-show
All my spirit is as eager
Till to-morrow to forego.

There's a path on Grand Monadnock
I have left all unexplored.
I have scaled the cliffs around it;
That its depths with bloom are stored
I am certain from the fragrance
Rising free when zephyrs blow;
And in springtime, up its arches,
I have seen its maples glow.
But as yet I leave its secret
Undiscovered to my tread,
Like a chapter rare and golden
In a volume still unread;
For I know when once I probe it
All its mystery will have fled.

There are secret paths of being
On the spirit's upward way
Where, however much the marvel,
I still hesitate to stray.
Through life's daily vista gazing
I at times may catch a gleam
Of a more than earthly splendor;
And the sound as of a stream
Flowing calmly, grandly, purely
For the cleansing of my pain
May at intervals float downwards
To my dust-encumbered plain;
But to solve in full the secret
I'm not certain would be gain.

James H. West.

The real economic value of the saloon may be indicated by this item from a Nebraska publication. University Place, a dry suburb of Lincoln, "has added $120,000 to its improvements in the last year." Havelock, always a wet suburb, "has increased its taxable wealth $30,000." Perhaps if Havelock would go dry, it would go prosperous.

The "Chicago South Side Club," one of the well-established women's clubs, has ventured to take the radical step of admitting men to an "associate membership." With a prophetic foresight, they omitted the word "women" from their title and constitution in their original organization, in the hope of attracting these male "associate members." Their year's program includes some evening sessions. But the "associates" perhaps will receive further suffrage rights at the hands of the women in their club life some of these days. So the step will prove advantageous to both sexes.

We are glad that our Brevity concerning the coming city stirred up our correspondent from Moline. It is an eloquent protest. Perhaps we are not so far apart after all. The bad things that he speaks of are not to be in the city that we see promised by the trend of evolution. As surely as these things are to grow, human association and the social compact are to increase. Even now, with the horrible handicaps, with low ideals and false ambitions, heart, education, social intercourse, and the altruistic life, even longevity, reach their maximum in the city. But the city we dream of will be shot through and through with right air, flowers, and generous places for recreation for old and young made possible by the rapid transit, long distance phone, good roads and good water, and the unoccupied stretches of open country to grow into and to grow out of.

Word comes that the proceedings and papers of the First Congress of the National Federation of the Religious Liberals, held in Philadelphia, Pa., at the meeting house of the Religious Society of Friends, April 27-30, 1909, edited by Charles W. Wendte, D.D., are "in the binders' hands" and soon will be ready for distribution. Copies can be obtained by addressing the above organization at 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Our UNITY readers will remember our interest in this Federation when it was in process, and we hope they will avail themselves of this volume of nearly three hundred pages of advanced thought in the realm of morals and religion. But little space will be found here given to the threshing of theological problems, which are practically closed. The Congress threw itself into the task of adjusting the newest thought and the largest inspirations to the civic, social, and economic perplexities of our day. We can think of no other religious volume at hand that will give so much constructive and prospective present day inspiration.

The Department of State at Washington is called upon to issue a public circular under date of October 19, 1909, calling attention to a Spanish "swindle" reported by the American Consul-General at Barce-

lona, Spain. The general scheme of the "swindle" is a confidential letter from some town in Spain, concerning a United States prisoner, who is in need of money to adequately protect his right to liberty. He generally has enough money, unavailable, to return the gift with interest, etc. Sometimes it is a good priest writing in broken English, announcing the death of an American, asking for money to return his effects, etc., etc. The bulletin announces that these and similiar means have been used for over twenty years. Both the Spanish and the United States governments have been diligently at work trying to "unmask these scoundrels" but as yet have been unable to make any arrests. Here again is a case of paternalism in government, the state circumscribing the liberty of the individual. Let the good work go on. Let exploiters of the innocent and unwary be pursued by the government with increasing energy.

That was a notable discussion which agitated the Illinois State Federation of Labor Convention, which recently assembled at Belleville, Illinois, when five women, representatives of the "Bar Tenders and Waitresses' Union," led the fight for a resolution denouncing the local option movement as fanatical and antagonistic to the interests of labor. The discussion grew intense, speakers grew "red in the face and vehement," and although the "wets" won by a vote of 109 to 68, the triumph was itself a significant defeat. A local paper tells us that the resolution came before the convention at the closing session in the evening, when many delegates had left the hall. The waiters and bar tenders remained in anticipation of their favorite resolution being reported out of committee. The conserving of their voting strength, when a large number had left the hall, undoubtedly saved the day for the "wets." But here were sixty-eight representatives of labor who stood up and out for that which is most needed by laborers and for labor,—sobriety, the well-ordered life, and the happy homes that follow. Only 109 in the convention that represented labor in the State of Illinois stood for the suicidal resolution championing the saloon, although the gavel used by the chairman was a huge "bungstarter" presented by the brewery workers.

The New York State Conference of Religion held last week its tenth annual meeting, with the First Presbyterian Church of Buffalo. It is too late for us to have reports of the proceedings, but the program itself is an eloquent statement, argument and climax of a fitting occasion. The motto on the front page of the program is "Religions are many, religion is one." The invitation is signed by representatives of thirteen religious denominations of Buffalo, and we see on the program the names of the rector of an Episcopalian church of Buffalo, another rector from New York City, the mayor of the city of Buffalo, Jewish rabbis of Buffalo and Rochester, the resident Universalist pastor, a minister of the United Brethren in Christ, a Unitarian minister from New York, pastor of the Reformed church of Schenectady, a Baptist minister from Grand Rapids, Michigan, Methodist and Swedenborgian ministers, the secretary of the charity organization of the city, the president of the New York Bar Association, the president of a large business enterprise, professors, lawyers, and editors. Among the subjects discussed are these: "The Great Agreements of Religious Men"; "Religious and Moral Efficiency"; "The Moral Awakening"; "The Basis of a New Social Order"; "The Ethics of Industrialism"; "The Moralization of Property"; "The Recrudesence of Paganism," and "The Expanding Idea of God." Here were able men, freed from the travails of the lines that divide, grappling with the great questions that confront and combine all earnest men. The results of such a meeting are necessarily not spectacular. No great financial, missionary, or other educational schemes will be "promoted in any marked degree; but the climate will be modified; the already broken fences that separate those who really stand together, will be further demolished by neglect if not direct assault, and the way be prepared for that higher combine and nobler combination which communities, rural and urban, so need and have so long waited for. The following statement and call clipped from the program ought to serve to reach a much larger community and a much wider purpose than it can in the papers of a fugitive program, and so we reproduce it here:

This Conference, in whose membership Jews unite with Christians of many denominations, was formed in 1889, and is the most inclusive religious organization in the State.

Agreeing that individual beliefs should be loyally held and frankly maintained, but also that Religion unites many whom Theology divides, it affirms the unity of the religious spirit in the differing religious organizations, the supremacy of Character and Service as the witnesses of that spirit, and the obligation resting on all men of religious spirit to co-operate for social salvation. Its motto is "Religions are many, Religion is one."

These affirmations are made for a practical purpose and a vital need—the promotion of the social righteousness now menaced and dishonored in American society The great need of the hour is a strenuous spiritual morality, a quickening of the social conscience, a purification of principle and conduct in industrial, financial and political life, a renaissance of devotion to the moral ideals of the religion that is pure and undefiled. Believing that all true seekers after God are supremely intent on the righteousness in personal and social life that God requires as the most acceptable worship, the Conference aims to draw together religious men of every creed in associated effort for this common and fundamental interest.

The thing to seek is not the good time, but the spirit which can make good times out of common time,—the spirit of Good Cheer. That is the spring in the hills whence laughter runs.

—William C. Gannett.

Deep at the heart of all our pain,
In loss as surely as in gain,
His love abideth still.
Let come what will, my feet shall stand
On this firm rock, at his right hand;
"Father, it is thy will."

—John W. Chadwick.

The Rehabilitation of the Theological School

It is an old story, more than a twice-told tale, that the theological schools of America are sick. Notwithstanding the tremendous increase of the student population in all other educational institutions, particularly the technical and professional schools, during the last quarter of a century, the schools for the training of ministers have barely kept their own. Indeed, in many conspicuous cases, the attendance has declined. And this declension is not only in numbers but the presidents and faculties of these institutions frankly complain about the quality of the material offered. Reluctantly they admit, what is obvious to every intelligent observer, that the brightest young men of our colleges, the best equipped minds, even the purest hearts and the youths most fired with altruistic enthusiasms, do not as a rule present themselves to the training schools for the ministry.

The explanations of this most astounding and, to our mind, deplorable fact, are numerous, and to their discussion the columns of UNITY are frequently devoted.

It is not our purpose to discuss that subject here, but to call attention to an interesting event that occurred in Chicago last week; an event which gave itself with exceptional earnestness to the diagnosing of the case and to prescribing for the same.

The event was the induction into office of the "Iowa Professor of New Testament Literature and Interpretation," Professor Ralph Hall Ferris, by the Chicago Theological Seminary, and the inauguration of a new President of the same institution, Dr. Ozora Stearns Davis.

This institution is the long established and much honored training school of the Congregationalists in the West. It has always had eminent men on its faculty and devoted laymen in its directorate. Its graduates occupy positions of trust and pulpits of eminence throughout the length and breadth of the country.

It is the habit of this institution to summon a triennial conference consisting of delegates from the various western states representing its territory, for the consideration of its interests. Such a body was gathered for this occasion which resulted in a two-day program, where the needs of the minister and the proper equipment of the same were discussed. In addition to these regular delegates to the conference, over one hundred educational institutions, which were invited to be present at the inauguration of President Davis, were present either by official delegates or formal greetings. Among the institutions thus represented were many of the leading universities and most of the theological schools, including not only the recognized orthodox brotherhood, but the Independent, Unitarian, Universalist and Jewish theological schools were also represented. The Senior Editor of UNITY was asked to represent the Meadville Theological School, and he was present both at the inauguration of the professor and the president to carry the greetings of his alma mater and to receive a cordial welcome and enjoy a hearty fellowship from indeed a goodly company.

We have not at hand material that would indicate the drift of the discussions during the day sessions, though we shall look with interest for a report of the same, but the utterances, and particularly the spirit in which they were spoken and the earnest heart-glow out of which they sprang at the evening sessions, we may speak of, and they were most encouraging.

At the inauguration of Professor Ferris on Wednesday evening, November 10, President Francis Brown of the Union Theological Seminary of New York City, gave the charge, a carefully prepared address of twenty minutes, in which he emphasized the importance, not only of careful critical studies in biblical fields, but of a fearless though loving, heroic though scrupulous, publication of the same. The whole address was electric with virility, and we hope to be able to print it in the columns of UNITY whenever it becomes available. The inaugural address of Professor Ferris himself was a fine illustration and vindication of Professor Brown's standards. With scholarly carefulness and with academic independence he analyzed "The New Testament Problem of the Resurrection," frankly recognized the inconsistencies and fragmentary character of the record, traced the thought of the resurrection back to the Old Testament, Persian and contemporary conceptions, and landed upon the only sure ground, that the writers of the New Testament documents believed that such an event had occurred, but that as clearly the hope of immortality, the facts of an endless life, rested on deeper foundations.

President Davis's inaugural adress on the night following was on "The Selection and Training of Religious Leaders," in which he frankly faced the skeleton in the theological school closets, recognized the inadequacy of the material and the crying dearth of competent religious leaders at the present time. It was an address that from first to last was illuminated with apostolic fervor, with prophetic adventure, free from dogmatic trammels, sectarian consciousness or denominational pride or patriotism.

The significant thing, to the present writer, concerning these exercises, was the fact that they were spoken for and by representatives of the Congregational church where orthodoxy, if anywhere, should find its logical and missionary representatives, and there were no signs that the large delegation present did not receive these messages as such. If so, then among the educated and academic elements in the Congregational church, the old hard and fast barrier between orthodoxy and heterodoxy is broken down. These words

no longer carry a definite and conclusive connotation; they cannot be put one against the other. Not that orthodoxy has become heretical or that heterodoxy has become orthodox, but that the old issues have become dead issues; scholarship has ameliorated dogma and investigations have enlarged the horizon of all concerned. Ecclesiastically speaking, the old distrust that has separated the Trinitarian Congregationalist from the Unitarian Congregationalist, may last for an indefinite time, and, popularly speaking, the old differentiating interpretations may be kept alive in the pious hearts of the non-reading and non-progressive deacons who still hold the lines of administration in the amen corners of the churches, and, sad to say, may obtain for a while longer in the Sunday-school instruction, burdened with tons of obsolete learning and song. But among the educated, the academic, the school men and the schools, such distinctions are fast fading. There are today no "Unitarian" or "Trinitarian" lines in biblical criticism, no "orthodoxy" or "heresy" in the study and interpretation of the Bible books or the application of the same to the problems of life. Everywhere the tendency of the schools is towards a sociological, ethical and spiritual rather than theological and dogmatic interpretation of Bible texts.

The Chicago Theological Seminary, the pride and hope of the Congregationalists of the west, knew what it was about when it sent letters of greeting to the president and faculty of the Meadville Theological School requesting "the honor of their presence, in person or by delegate, at the service of inauguration," and the parties invited made no mistake in accepting the invitation and sending a delegate who, when there, found himself not only among friends and neighbors but among fellow workers who stood for a common cause, faced common difficulties, and rested on the same profound fundamentals,—a trust in God as loving father; in man as a brother in the household of the father, to be educated, reformed, ennobled.

Something More About the Tamalpais Centre

The following correspondence, which passed last summer between the trustees of the then proposed Tamalpais Centre and the Rev. Ernest Bradley, the prospective directing head of the same, and the interpreting words of William Kent, the chairman of the said board of trustees, concerning his mother's purpose, the attitude of the trustees, and the dedication of the accomplished building (UNITY November 11) will be read with interest.

Kentfield, Cal., June 6, 1909.

TO MR. ERNEST BRADLEY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.:

Dear Sir: The trustees of Tamalpais Centre invite you to become the executive head of that institution. The request and offer is made for a definite period of three years but with the hope that our work together may continue indefinitely.

Tamalpais Centre as you know, has been established to meet the social needs of our time and place. It must be a centre of neighborliness wherein all of us working together may more fully enjoy the life granted each of us. It is destined to mean opportunity for rest, recreation and instruction for men, women and children.

Our community is composed of people of all creeds and of no creeds. Any recognition of religious denominationalism in our work would divide us to our injury, and would destroy the possibility of each of us being able to claim the Centre as his own.

Thus, while we are glad that you are a minister of the gospel and that you have adorned a noble calling, we could not invite you to assume this position except as a man who would, in his official work, ignore all dividing lines of creed and sect.

It is impossible to map out your duties in advance. We must have a library and reading room; we need civic and literary clubs; the boys and girls must be assisted to organize their amusements, and they need chances for the study of subjects not included in the school course, such as manual training, domestic science, natural history and the arts. We hope for good lectures and good music and must provide a platform for the expression of honest thought.

The work so splendidly undertaken by the Marin Stadium Association, needs the co-ordination only to be obtained by an executive on the ground.

Let us dream big dreams and let us try to realize all the good things that can be enjoyed in modest American society by those who are glad to live and to let live and who recognize that "there are others."

Your task will not be a light one, but we believe it will be a pleasant one and one most worthy of a man. There is every promise of success in the fine spirit displayed by our people in the early stages of the development of the Centre and the Stadium.

Appreciating your character and your achievements, we ask you to undertake this task in the belief that in breadth of sympathy and strength of heart you are preëminently qualified to be of the highest service to a large and an ever enlarging community.

With expressions of our esteem,

(*Signed*) TRUSTEES OF TAMALPAIS CENTRE.

2020 *Broadway, San Francisco, Cal. June* 7, 1909.

TO THE TRUSTEES OF TAMALPAIS CENTRE, KENTFIELD, MARIN COUNTY, CAL.

Dear Sirs: I am in receipt of your letter of the 6th instant, inviting me to become the executive head of Tamalpais Centre, and I deeply appreciate the honor you have conferred upon me, and accept.

I have known for over a year of the general plans, and while I had not the slightest idea that I should be honored by being definitely connected with that work, yet I have found myself dreaming and thinking of it as a work worthy of any man's energy and aspiration. In the meantime, as you know, I had left your beautiful county, which I have long considered as one of the garden spots of the world, and had entered into the work of a parish in San Francisco. When the president of your board wrote me some ten days ago about the ministry of neighborliness in which you were all so deeply interested, and intimated that I was

the man you had thought to honor by a call into that ministry, I must confess that it came like a bolt out of a clear sky. And yet I felt it was so pressing that I was compelled to think seriously of it, and the more I thought of it, the more I knew that it was a work which lay nearest to my ideals of a real and vital ministry.

For many years the underlying principle of my life has been to go right next to the man who wanted me, and whom in my hunger for human brotherhood I also wanted. In other words I have long considered that neighborliness, irrespective of creed and politics, is the high-water mark of human relationships. As Charles Kennedy makes the drain man say in his drama, "The Servant in the House," "There's a lot o' brothers knocking about as people don't know on, eh, wot? See wot I mean?"

I need hardly tell you that I appreciate what you say about the community being composed of people of all creeds and of no creeds. You who knew of my work in San Rafael, and who knew me personally, must also have realized that, while I deeply appreciated the honor that a particular church conferred upon me in calling me as its rector, my ideals of the ministry transcended local or denominational restrictions. It is a vital part of my personal belief, and I know you will concede my right to it, that God's church is as big as the universe. It is not a "dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber"; it is composed of men and women whose highest aspirations lie in pleasing God by serving each other. In the words of another man who has caught the vision of human helpfulness, "the pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes: the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable: the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone: the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world." But this is my personal opinion, and I am sure you will pardon the digression.

I have the honor to come to you simply as a man, as one man willing and wanting to help another man. I use the word "man" in its generic sense, as standing for the whole of mankind. This neighborliness of play and helpfulness to which you call me, includes the women, without whose gracious advice and coöperation we should, as "mere" men, be like a ship without a rudder. It also includes the young people; to help with advice and comradeship the boys and girls who are our future men and women in the making. You invite me, as I understand it, to a comradeship of helpfulness. You have made a splendid start; the gift of the land that first made the project possible, the spirit of interest and enthusiasm already manifested by the community, all point, I am sure, to the realization of our fondest dreams. I enter the work with no little trepidation, but you will find me a willing worker, and I come to you with a heart full of hope and confidence for the success of Tamalpais Centre.

In accepting the honor you have thus conferred upon me, I do not feel that it is necessary to particularize upon the work in this acceptance. I hope before the end of the present month to be in Chicago, working in the interest of the Centre in a line of study and investigations as to the best ways of organizing play for our boys and girls, and clubs for our men and women, and I shall look forward to being with you early in September, full of plans and expectations for our mutual work.

Believe me very sincerely yours,

ERNEST BRADLEY.

Introductory remarks at the Dedication of Tamalpais Centre, by William Kent, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, October 31, 1909:

My mother has asked me to say a word for her at this dedication service. She resents the idea that her gift should be described as generous; rather it should be considered sensible. She believes it is merely putting land and capital to better and more productive uses. This land can raise better live-stock than calves. This building can pay better rent than any calculated in terms of dollars. Land and building have passed beyond her control but not beyond her ownership. That ownership is more precious because it is equally shared with each of her neighbors and has become part of the commonwealth, a living, growing commonwealth. The best of the commonwealth is human love and sympathy, and that this land and building may be a fruitful seed plot is her hope and wish.

The trustees have accepted this trust for the public welfare. Every gentle interest that can be taken up will find here its opportunity as fast as people are willing to support it.

Nothing will be tolerated that is injurious to the public welfare, or hostile to the rights of others.

Personal liberty shall not here be degraded to license, nor the privilege of the few subordinate the welfare of the many. In the clashes of opinion that may come, you must trust to the representative capacity of the board of trustees, who know the neighborhood and who know California.

Correspondence

Belated though I am, I hope that it is not too late to add a word appreciative of Dr. Thomas. Since first I knew him he appeared to me to sustain two remarkable relations to Chicago.

First: He was conspicuously its prophet. Dealing less with practical things than some others, he was grandly Hebraic in the lofty ethics of his judgments, Pauline in the breadth of his spiritual vision, and Christly in his holy brotherliness.

Second: He was preëminently its pastor. He did not tolerate, but respected, every man's convictions. Therefore all classes, creeds and conditions loved and trusted him. The unshepherded everywhere, over the entire city, called upon him for weddings, christenings, funerals, consolations and consultations.

Because he was gloriously free and direct as the sunlight in his own thinking, he was tender as the dew to the spiritual, emotional and social wants of his fellow men. A great prophetic voice is silenced; a great fold is pastorless since Hiram W. Thomas fell.

GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE.

Dear UNITY: Mr. Jones' optimism is always exhilarating, but when he goes so far as to call the city "the highest culmination of civilization" and to assert that "the time is not far distant when it will also be found that the morality of the city is superior to that of the country," I must balk. The life of the city is

not normal. It is artificial, superficial, inimical to meditation and serenity. The crowding of human beings into a space so cramped and confined that they must build buildings twenty, thirty, forty stories high and house themselves there, away from good mother earth, is not normal, not wholesome, not wise. The life of the city, excepting during some great crisis like the San Francisco disaster, makes men and women as dumb, as unresponsive, as unsympathetic as a herd of cattle. They meet, touch elbows, look each other in the eyes, and feel as little concern as though these human beings were so many ants. The loneliness of the city, its sham joys and pretenses of happiness make one who has known the real friendships and simple joys of village life despair, almost, of his kind. I know that there are high, noble men and women in the cities. I know that beautiful lives are lived there. But it is only the exceptional man, the exceptional woman, who can rise above the constant temptations to artificiality, superficiality, pretense, sham, and live worthily. The crowd, the rush, the noise, the confusion, the impure air,—all the abnormal and unnatural conditions that are part and parcel of the city, without which it would not be a city,—these all tend to tear down and disintegrate the best part of our natures. We are a money-mad people. We are crazy in our desire for commercial supremacy. We have exalted *things,* and the money that will buy *things,* above every idea and ideal, above every feeling or emotion or aspiration. And the city, first, last, and always, panders to our mammon worship and offers its highest honor and glory to the most conspicuous devotees at the shrine of the god of gold.

I do not despair of the race. I believe that the Eternal Goodness governs, here, now, in the cities as in the country. It is in strict accordance with the good laws of God that the city should be just what it is. Some day, some day I hope and believe, men will grow wise enough to read the good laws of God aright, to recognize that the wrongs of the city exist because the city is wrong, because such massing of men together is wrong, because the greed for gain which builds the city is wrong. Then men and women and little children will go back to the land, to good mother earth, to the fresh air and freedom and simple joys of village life and country lanes.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

Moline, Ill., Oct. 24, 1909.

IMAGO

This pregnant chrysalis of gloom doth split,
And feebbly issues from the widening slit
Some tender, rosy thing that trembling clings
To yonder edge of earth,—the frail wings,
First crumpled and awry, expand, unfold,
And spread awide their filmy gauze of gold
And rainbow-stuff all—quivering with light—
Then launches forth on strong, replendent flight,
Diffusing over earth from bourne to bourne
The matchless radiance of the new-fledged morn.
—*T. L.. Hoover, New England Magazine.*

It Must Come

Not only President Taft but the people are crying loudly for postal reform. They may be delayed, but postal savings banks and parcels post are sure to come. The Western states are almost unanimous that the post offices be enabled to take deposits of the laborer's earnings. It is said that in sections large amounts of money orders are drawn and held by Italians as a safe method of securing their earnings. Nineteen million dollars have been sent during a single year over to Italy; mostly in the form of 475,000 money orders—averaging $40 each. Seven millions have gone to Russia, nine millions to Hungary, eight millions to Austria and twelve millions to Great Britain. This represents only a small part of what these toilers would be glad to put into postal savings banks. It is said that a large part of this sum, or these sums, is sent over to be placed in their home savings banks, because they have none here.

New England has one-third of all the savings banks in the United States; New York and Pennsylvania are nearly as well supplied. Outside of these states, Illinois is fairly well supplied, although there are parts of that state where investors must travel fifty miles to reach a bank. In the South the average travel requisite is thirty-three miles, and beyond the Rockies the average distance to be traversed to reach a savings bank is fifty-five miles. The problem does not concern so much the laborers in our cities as those who are scattered widely all over the hills and prairies.

Postal savings banks can hardly affect in any detrimental way our established banks, but, by increasing the thrift of the people and their economic habits, it is probable that depositors would be greatly increased. What we want is to create an economic instinct in the people, in the place of a too ready tendency to spend and waste. Amos Lawrence used to say that a dime was worth more to an ordinary man than a dollar, for if he learned how to use his dimes he would have his dollars. If the Government pays, as proposed, only two per cent. on deposits, the depositors will soon be trained to seek a higher per cent. in the regular banks. The object of postal savings will therefore be, first to encourage foreigners to deposit their earnings in this country, and, second, to create in our own citizens a disposition to save their earnings and place themselves and their dependents out of reach of old age poverty.

As for parcels post it is an entirely different question—a question of common sense. We have parcels post conventions with thirty-two countries, and the rate is in all cases twelve cents a pound; but the rate on a package from Chicago to New York is sixteen cents a pound, so that the same package sent to New York would be sixty-four cents, while to Berlin it will be but forty-eight cents. It certainly is an abnormal state of affairs that makes a man pay more for the carrying of a package one hundred miles than one thousand. The proposition has been to equalize these charges; nothing more. The result would be a decrease in the rates of express companies, but not unjustly. It was figured out by Mr. Meyer in one of his reports as Postmaster-General, that a general merchandise rate of twelve cents a pound would produce a revenue of $240 a ton, and a profit of nearly $30 a ton—which would seem to be quite enough.

Opposition to the parcels post has come entirely from two sources, the express companies and the country

retail merchant. A charge of five cents for the first pound, and two cents additional up to the eleven pounds limit, could hardly damage the country merchant, because it would facilitate consumption and greatly increase his business. The additional revenue would at the same time go a good way toward making the rural routes self-sustaining.

The American Consul at Nottingham, England, reported recently that the British Post Office carries parcels not exceeding eleven pounds in weight, and not over three feet six inches in length, and does this for twenty-two cents. In this country only four pounds can be carried in one package, so that the shipper would have to make up three packages and the postage would be $1.76; eight times is much as in England. If a package is lost in the British mails, not containing money or jewelry, $10 can be recovered. Registration, however, can cover a compensation as high as $2,000, by paying a fee not to exceed forty-four cents. For twenty-four pounds, conveyed to Scotland, the charge is sixty cents. The German parcels post charges even lower rates, sending a twelve-pound parcel at one-fourteenth of the charges made in the United States. So it comes about that a parcel sent from Chicago to London is one fifth less than on a similar parcel sent to St. Louis. Both Germany and Great Britain are making money on their post service, besides benefiting their entire population in all forms of trade.

Arguments along this line stand upon data so clear that nothing need be said but to lay them before the people. There really is nothing but selfishness in the way of granting to the American common people privileges equal to those of the leading European States. The American people are not slaves, and they are waking up very rapidly to an unwonted self assertion. We recognize the wonderful work accomplished by our express companies and we should be slow to see them defrauded of just compensation. Nothing of the kind can come, however, from a reformed postal service bringing us to a full equality with our civilized neighbors. Both postal savings banks and a parcels post service will come.—*E. P. Powell in The Independent.*

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

A house not built by mortals,
In summer days is mine;
Wide open stand its portals
All sweet with flower and vine.

Complete it is, capacious
Each airy hall and room,
And welcome ever gracious
Breathes from its walls of bloom.

I've music made by fountains,
By brooks and birds and gales;
My epics are the mountains,
My lyrics are the vales.

Frescoes on every ceiling
Painted by Morn and Night,
And every niche revealing
Some treasure of delight.

Wine that is clear and sunny
My grassy cellars hold,
And jars heaped full of honey
And cups of fragrant gold.

Many a leafy pennant
Above my slumber streams;
I am God's happy tenant
In this dear house of dreams.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

THE PULPIT

"Is It Well With the Child?"

By Henry Wilder Foote, Ann Arbor, Mich.

II. Kings 4:26. "Is it well with the child?"

The story of the restoration to life of the dead child of the hospitable woman of Shunem by the prophet Elisha comes to us redolent with the aroma of a far distant time and land. You remember how she had prevailed upon her husband to build a little chamber for the prophet's use on his journeys to and from Mt. Carmel; how, as a reward, the long-desired son had been born to them; how one day when he had gone out to help his father with the reapers he had been sunstruck, so that he was carried in to die upon his mother's lap. And she took the little body up into the prophet's chamber, and then set forth with all speed to find Elisha. As she flings herself in the dust at his feet he asks the anxious question, "Is it well with the child?" We catch a rare glimpse of the tender human side of the stern Hebrew prophet, his face not now cast down with lamentation, nor darkened with denunciation of the sins of his people, but softened with pity and love for the little boy.

"Is it well with the child?"—that is the question which springs in all ages to the lips of the men and women who look with prophetic insight into the years which are to come, to all whose hearts are eager that the generation which follows their own shall be wiser, stronger, happier than theirs has been. It is the question which today comes anew to those who study the social phenomena of the twentieth century. For those whose eyes are open see the appealing faces of the mothers in our land, who look up from the dreary degradation of poverty and ignorance, pleading dumbly with the moral forces of our time to restore their children. Those whose ears are unstopped are asking still Mrs. Browning's question,

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers?"

And the lover of his kind, the prophet of the righteousness which shall some day be, turns to the social organism of modern life and asks, "Is it well with the child?" The honest answer of the social life of which we form a part is that it is not well with the child; that he is bearing burdens beyond his strength, worn out often from fatigue which ought to be borne by stalwart men and women, lying dead in the house of which he is the heir and future promise.

It is of prime importance that intelligent men and women should be brought to realize the folly and iniquity of the treatment of multitudes of children in this land. It is indeed true that recent years have seen a great awakening of interest in the problem of child labor, and that there has been a marked progress in the legal enactments of many states, but a vast work yet remains to be done before the children of our land may receive the rights to which they are morally entitled, the advantages essential to the full development of the race. We are apt to be very confident of the superiority of our country; we boast of our free schools for every child; we pride ourselves on the opportunities for every boy and girl in this land of liberty. Yet many of us are unaware that the wonderful opportunities of which we so glibly talk, simply do not exist for hundreds of thousands of our children, and this in spite of the fact

that seldom, perhaps never, in the history of the world has there been so clear a road to prosperity as here and now opens before many children born in humblest circumstances. It has been our proudest boast that the genius of lowly birth is not here bound down by caste and tradition, but has an equal chance with the most favored to show his worth. The boast has had alike its element of truth and its element of falsehood. For it has been, and is now, false, in that thousands upon thousands of our children are so handicapped by poverty, underfeeding, overwork and inadequate education that to talk of equality of opportunity is in their case but a bitter mockery. Upon them the golden imaginings of childhood hardly dawn; to their ears the talk of beauty and nobility and high aspirations is as a strange tongue which they have never been taught to interpret; in their hearts the spark of genius is stifled down under the oppression of staggering burdens.

And yet in the extension of a genuine freedom of opportunity to every child lies the best promise for the future of our land. For the development of a nation does not depend upon its riches, its numbers, or the vastness of its territory, but upon the character and capacities of its children. "The youth of a nation" it has been said, "are the trustees of posterity." As we today deal with the child life about us, especially in our great cities, so will future generations rise up to bless or to curse us. It is upon the children who are liable to grow up in moral and physical degeneracy that the chief efforts of social reform should be concentrated, for to uplift them is to uplift the whole nation of tomorrow to a higher plane. And, on the other hand, to multiply the host of weakly youths with no ideals save those of the factory and the bar-room, and the army of badly developed young women, stunted in body and mind by premature and excessive toil, is to recruit the future armies of the unemployed and unemployable,—men and women worn out in middle life, marching through our streets as they have through London's, a menace and burden to the State, unable to feed themselves, yet clamoring for bread.

There is no wastefulness so great, no system of economics so bad, as that which regards the lives of young men and women as so much raw material to be wrought into profits. Even looking at the matter from the lowest commercial standpoint, immeasurably the most costly product, the most valuable asset of the nation is its child-life. Yet we are wasting young lives by the hundred thousand; putting them into factories to be drained of vitality in a few years, to be tossed out again like so many squeezed oranges, to become a burden to the community. We are permitting thousands of children to grow up without any adequate training for life. To train a child properly is an expensive process, but it is not nearly so costly as to maintain a grown criminal or pauper. Child labor is cheap labor,—for the employer, and in the first reckoning. But in the long run it is the most expensive labor for the community. Leaving out of consideration its deadly blight of an inestimably precious moral and spiritual growth, it means that a few men profit enormously by literally draining the life-blood of a great host whose services ought to be utilized for the benefit of the whole social organism. A writer describing an incident in a northern mill, has written: "A visitor to a manufactory, seeing a young girl at work and already showing physical deterioration, asked the employer what kind of work the girl could do in another five years. 'Oh, by that time,' said the employer, 'we shall have to replace her by another child.' And what of the discarded girl?" Yes, what of the boys and girls turned out of the factories like worn out machines, with weakened bodies and shattered nerves, ignorant of any trade and too spent and dulled to learn one? And for whose advantage is this sacrifice made of soul and body? That a few men already rich may be made richer; that owners and managers may compete more successfully with their rivals. We are told that such ruinous employment of children is essential to the trade. But it were better to postpone until the Day of Doom a commercial supremacy won by the wholesale production of ignorance, degeneracy, and embittering life-in-death. Of a nation as well as an individual the question may well be asked, "What shall it profit to gain the whole world and lose your own soul?"

The problem of child labor is one of the evil products of modern industrialism. In the days before the factory system there was, of course, much work done by the children; boys helping their fathers in the shop or on the farm, girls helping their mothers at the spinning-wheel or in the nursery or kitchen. Some parents were so cruel, sometimes conditions were so hard, as to affect the children injuriously. But, generally speaking, the work, if arduous, was also varied, educative, and wholesome, and was done under the supervision of those bound to the children by ties of affection. When, however, the factory system began to develop in England, toward the end of the eighteenth century, a radical change came over the conditions of the workers. There were many machines which a child could attend as well, or perhaps better, than a grown man; and he was much cheaper. Children of the poorer classes in England were drafted into the factories and coal mines by the thousand, there to be worked to death as heartlessly as any negro on a South Carolina rice-field. At the very time that high minded men in England were pleading for the freedom of the negro slave in British dominions beyond the seas, a great host of white children on English soil were suffering the agonies of as hopeless, as brutal, as shameful a slavery as that of any West Indian plantation negro. It was England's awakening to this condition which drew from Mrs. Browning "The Cry of the Children,"

"'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary
And we cannot run or leap;'"

"'For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground;
Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.'

"'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our head with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places:
* * *
"'How long, they say, how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splash upward, O gold-reaper,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.'"

The evils of child-labor in this country have perhaps never assumed quite so grave a form as they did in England in the earlier years of the nineteenth century. But they are even now great enough to make us hide our heads in shame. The slaughter of the in-

nocents still goes on, and modern industrialism outherods Herod. In the slums of New York and Chicago, in the cotton factories of the Carolinas and Georgia and Alabama,—often owned and run by northern men,—in the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, and the glass factories of West Virginia and Ohio, thousands upon thousands of children are set to labor which inevitably involves physical deterioration, mental inferiority, moral depravity, and a general lowering of all the standards of life for the workingman and his family. The Census of 1900, on a very imperfect basis of calculation, estimated that over 1,750,000 children between ten and fifteen years of age were bread winners in one or another capacity. The number is rapidly increasing, and, while it is true that a large proportion of such children work under parental supervision and in wholesome surroundings, an official estimate in 1906 calculated that nearly 690,000 children were employed in such clearly injurious industries as silk and cotton and cigar factories, coal mines and glass works. Such work for boys and girls who have not reached their full physical development means inevitable and irretrievable injury. Whether it be the boys in Pennsylvania coal-breakers whose lungs grow black with coal dust in a few months, or the factory children taken out of school at ten or twelve to stand all day before whirling machinery, or the little girls of the slums, pulling bastings and pasting cardboard boxes and making artificial flowers until they reach the stage of exhaustion,—for all the work is abnormal and demoralizing. It sounds like an easy task for a child's fingers to make artificial flowers; that, we are apt to think, is mere play. So it is for our children on a rainy afternoon, but not for the girls of the slums.

"Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—
Little children who have never learned to play;
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache today,
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in gray,
Hight above the clattering street, ambulance and fire gong beat,
They sit, curling crimson petals one by one, one by one.

"Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina.
They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dewdrop in the sun,
They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,
Of a Black Hand and a Face behind a grating;
They will dream of cotton petals, endless crimson, suffocating,
Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket,
But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams,
And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric screams.

"Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.
Let them have a long, long play-time, Lord of Toil, when toil is done!
Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun."

This country has got to learn that it cannot become great through the labor of children. No child can work long in a factory without injury; no nation can devour its young without paying a bitter penalty. The commercial supremacy won at such a price has cost too much. The policy of child-labor is economically suicidal. It means that the nation is exhausting the best of its natural resources.

And yet how base an argument is this, that in the long run it doesn't pay to work children to death, or into a state of degeneracy! For back of this problem lie the child's inalienable rights, his high moral claim upon society, which we have ignored in our greed for the profits which he could earn for us. For every child has a right, in the first place, to be well born; and then to receive proper nourishment and care; and such training as will fit him for a useful career; and protection from exhausting toil until he has developed strength to do a man's work.

These forgotten rights of every child of the nation involve a host of other questions than that of child labor. That right to be well born, for instance,—how dare we demand such work from girls and women who are, or are to be, wives and mothers that they and their children must inevitably suffer grievously? But the great army of working girls in shop and factory are weakened physically by long hours, excessive fatigue and insufficient nourishment, and generally enter into marriage without any training whatever for their new responsibilities. Even if they do not continue shop or factory work after marriage, their children have in many cases already been deprived of the right to be well-born. The problem of the child involves the problem of his mother too, and he will not be adequately protected until she is also guarded from excessive toil, both in girlhood and after her marriage. We boast our American chivalry to women, but too often that means merely the selfish indulgence of those in favored circumstances, and a brutal disregard of the working women. It is a crying shame that our civilization fails to protect from physical and moral injury thousands of undeveloped girls, and that it permits sweat shop and factory work from women who are mothers.

It needs no proof that the child whose mother is driven to take in sweatshop work at home, or to go out to day-labor, is deprived of his second right, the right to proper nourishment and care. Almost every public school teacher has had experience with children who came weak and small, dull and dirty to school. And the trouble with most of them, especially in our great cities, was simply that they were underfed and uncared for because of the poverty or ignorance of their parents. New York has long had the problem on its hands. Chicago was aroused for a moment a few months ago over the hungry school children. A careful writer has estimated that there are two million children of school age in this prosperous land who fail to receive adequate nourishment. Many of these lack proper care also, because their mothers are the worn-out and untrained products of the factory, or else are forced by poverty to go away from home to work. Inter-twined inextricably with the problem of the child is also, therefore, the problem of securing for the workingman a wage which will reasonably support his family without the outside labor of his wife or children. The under-fed child is a menace to society. He lacks the vitality to profit by an education; therefore he grows up inefficient, a candidate for the ranks of the unemployed and eventually for the work-house. Because he is ill-nourished he is more apt to crave, and to be wrecked by, drink. Malnutrition is a fertile source of drunkenness. And his children in turn are weaklings. Is a Christian land so heartless as to pass unheeding by these hundreds of thousands of children crying softly for bread? And can it with unaccusing conscience repeat the words of the Founder of its Faith, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me?"

And the third right of the child is its claim upon the state to such training of head and heart and hand as will fit it for a useful and honorable career. In

theory this right has been long recognized, as our public school system testifies. In practice there are a good many thousand children in this country who are being allowed,—nay encouraged,—to grow up with next to no schooling. Wherever cheap labor is sought,—whether to pick cotton in Texas or to transform little herrings into "French Sardines" in the canneries along the Maine coast, or to string innumerable beads on interminable threads in a city sweatshop,—there constant inducements are offered either to the boards of education to trim the school terms to suit the demands of labor, or to parents to keep the children out of school by the use of forged certificates, in which a ten-year-old is sworn to be fourteen, and therefore beyond the meager limit of compulsory education; there the field or factory is allowed to drain away the vitality and to blight every probability of high moral or intellectual development. And too often such training as the child does get helps but little in fitting it for life. Our school curricula are framed to meet the needs of the few who expect to push on to the university. They are far less well adapted to the great majority of boys who are to become clerks or farmhands, or mechanics; or to the girls who expect either to earn a living by other means than teaching or to become house-wives. The time must come when every child shall be in one or another type of school at least to his sixteenth year; when domestic science and the handicrafts shall be adequately represented in the curriculum; and when some standard of physical attainment shall be set, before the youth or maiden receives a permit to enter upon the more arduous fields of labor. Not until such conditions prevail from the Atlantic to the Pacific will the children of the country get their rights in the education, and in the protection from exhausting toil prematurely undertaken, which are essential for the best development of their powers.

From the point of view of the true statesman there is no better investment which our country could make. The money which we spend yearly on wars already long past, and on preparation for wars which, by the grace of God, may never come, would probably be sufficient to meet the expense of such an adequate educational system. But the economic arguments are weak and shamefaced before those for the moral and spiritual welfare of these hundreds of thousands of children. If every child in this land from now on could have his rights, if society met its obligations to him and permitted him to be well-born, well-nourished, and well-trained until he needed no longer the state's protection, an incalculable amount of misery, sorrow, disease, shame, degradation, and death would be done away. And in a generation we should see arise a breed of men greatly superior to the present average in efficiency, in moral standards, and in spiritual insight. This problem goes down into the deepest things of life. On the surface it seems to involve mere questions of food and shelter, of wages, and the supply and demand for the labor market. But beneath these questions which we turn aside so cavalierly, lie spiritual issues which mean life or death to all the noblest of our national ideals. On the surface it seems a problem of thin, ill-nourished, and tired, over-worked little bodies. But at heart it is a problem of crushed human souls. And you must save those undeveloped, misshapen, pathetic bodies before you can fan the smouldering fires within into burning flames of high ideals and noble aspirations. When we damn the children to the present hells which consume their bodies to produce fat profits for the employer, we wantonly throw away a vast spiritual heritage of human joys and loves, of courageous hearts and keen truth-searching intellects for a mess of pottage, unsavory, red,—yes, red with human blood. If it is not the work of religion to right such wrongs, to heed "the bitter cry of the children" and the sobbing of the sorrowing mothers in the dust and darkness, if the prophets of religion today are impotent to restore, like Elisha of old, the stricken child to his rightful place in society, then I do not know what the value of religion is. Let every man or woman who professes to be a follower of the gentle Jesus hear his words ringing across the centuries. "Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me . . . and whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only . . . shall in no wise lose his reward. . . But it were well for him if a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble!" And let every lover of his kind bear his part in the holy warfare of this new "Children's crusade," with his eyes shining at the brightness of the vision

"These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

"New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

"There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Tho pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity."

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Born of the clouds and darkness,
Of the frost and early snow;
When the summer blooms have faded,
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow.
All through the budding springtime
All through the summer's heat,
All through the autumn's glory,
They hide their blossoms sweet.
But when the earth is lonely,
And bitter north winds blow,
With a smile of cheer for the dear old year,
The Christmas blossoms blow.
Sweet as a dream of summer,
White as the drifting snow;
When our hearts are filled with grieving,
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow.
Not all the south wind's wooing
Opens their secret heart;
Slender they grow and stately,
Guarding their life apart.
But when the earth is dreary,
And the heavy clouds hang low,
With their tender cheer for the wayworn year,
The Christmas blossoms blow.

—*Exchange.*

Nature uses us like her winds and her birds and her bees, as unwitting Carriers both of good seed and of tares. The unconscious good that we do is probably the larger part of all the good most of us do; our unconscious evil, the larger part of all the evil we do. While engaged in our common work, while speaking our commonest words, we shed personality and know nothing of it.

—*William C. Gannett.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

*MADAME MOTHER OF THE REGENT.—To those who have inclination and leisure for excursions into the field of historical biography this work by the late Arvede Barine (Mme. Charles Vincens) offers a very graphic picture of social and political conditions at the time of Louis XIV.

The story of the life of Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Carl Ludwig, elector of the Palatinate, and wife of *Monsieur le duc d'Orleans*, younger brother of Louis XIV, as here compiled from her voluminous correspondence and a study of state archives, certainly moves along with a vigor and realism that banish every suggestion of dryness. The material is skilfully handled, the poverty, moral disintegration and varying fortunes of German states and sovereigns at the close of the Thirty Years' War are strikingly contrasted with the lavish magnificence and more gilded immoralities of the French court in a way that takes the leading personages out of the phantom procession of the past and makes them live and breathe before us. The historic "incompatibility" between French and Germans is forcibly illustrated and the reasons for it are made very plain.

One can but feel, too, that the author is singularly free from national or partisan bias, if not from faint suggestion of cynicism, so impartially and keenly does she lay bare the underlying motives, the strangely confused standards, the failures and the successes of the characters with whom she deals. One feels perhaps more pity than censure for all of them, but it is an unsavory period at the best, wherein no one of the characters here presented rises to heroic proportions or offers us any inspiration or help for the life of today.

To the tourist this vivid delineation may add somewhat to the interest of a visit to Heidelberg or to Versailles, and the student of social and economic conditions may find here interesting side lights on the conditions following the German Reformation, and the horrible evils of war. It is difficult to see, however, what good it can possibly do the ordinary reader to spend time and to put into the storehouse of subconscious memory pictures so vivid of a dead and gone past whose ideals, struggles and temptations we would pray never to see again.

*Madame the Mother of the Regent, 1652-1722. *By Arvede Barine. Translated by Jeanne Mairet (Madame Charles Bigot). New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1909.

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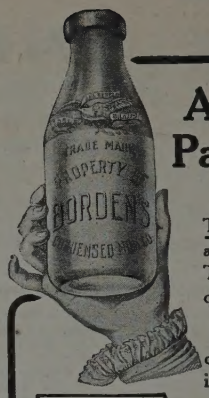

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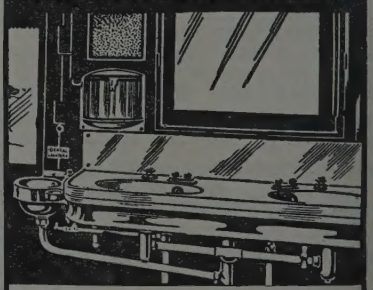

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